

From The New-Yorker.

## AN OLD SONG.

A SONG OF OLD BRITANNY  
Which oft I sing in dreaming—  
Whose touching pathos bids me sigh—  
When quivering Day is gleaming  
Oft from the smiling crowd I steal  
Up to the hill-top hoary  
To breathe its numbers, which reveal  
Youth's sad, romantic story.

It speaks of one whose love in death  
Was beautiful and sainted—  
Who from the earth withdrew her breath  
Ere sin her heart had tainted—  
Who loved, as in old songs they love,  
With love akin to saintliness—  
Which wanteth heaven's pure sky above  
To bid it bloom in gladness.

Oft when the purple evening beams  
Along the lonely mountain  
And on the drooping willow gleams  
That shades the haunted fountain,  
I watch some golden cloudlet soft  
Like bird half-dimbering floating,  
And wait that song to it aloft,  
My tender love denoting.

Metaphors I will see poor Brittany  
And my own native river  
Which, fadeless in my memory's eye  
Shall brightly shine for ever;  
And it may rest above her grave,  
And glid it with its splendor,  
And charm the free, exulting wave  
To a lament more tender.

And when the sky of morning glows  
With heaven's ethereal roses,  
That quaint old lay unconscious flows—  
For neath them she reposes.  
That song speaks of a chapel old,  
And a most lovely maiden,  
Who hid beneath the ivy-mould  
Her heart, by vows so sacred.

Thou sad old song of Brittany  
Ah! which art thou doing?  
My thought, ah! whether dost thou die?  
Unto thy bourne most fitting—  
To that still vale, and that chapel old,  
With its arched light painted,  
And that tomb illumined by its ray,  
Where sleeps the young and sainted.

Paris, 12th.

W. F.

## THE LEAD MINES OF IOWA.

A small volume entitled "Sketches of Iowa," by John B. Newhall, has just been given to the public. It is full of interesting information with respect to Iowa and our Western Country generally. We extract from it the following account of the Lead Mines and Mining in Iowa:

**GALENA** (sulphate of lead) may be divided into three classes or descriptions, according to the relative per cent. of the pure metal yielded by each.

The first class is that which lies nearest the surface of the ground, and, consequently, the first species of ore discovered. It is known among the miners by the name of "ash mineral," on account of its being covered with a substance in appearance similar to white ashes. This substance appears to be a carbonate of the protoxide of lead. It is generally found in small bodies at the depth of six or eight inches from the surface, and immediately under the first strata of soil, and lying in horizontal sheets of about one inch and a half in thickness.

The fact of this ore lying so near the surface of the ground, in which situation it must necessarily come in contact with more or less oxygen or atmospheric air, readily accounts for its being covered with this "ashy" substance.

This description of ore is generally found on or near the highest elevation of the bluffs, and by the horizontal position of the sheets, the outer edge becomes exposed to view by continued washings of the rains, and thus leads to the discovery of the entire sheet. This description of ore, therefore, was easily discovered when the mining region was first explored, as the pioneers might, by ploughing or spading up a small garden, open to the sight large pieces of the sparkling ore.

This species of lead is, for two reasons, entitled to be called the first class: first, it yields, on an average, from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of pure lead, while the other descriptions of ore, at the highest, yield but about seventy-five or seventy-six per centum, and sometimes but from forty to fifty.

Secondly, because it was the first species discovered, and the only sort known to the Indians previous to the settlement of the country by the whites; it being of so pure a quality that they were enabled to run it into bullets and ornaments with the simple aid of their loam fires. It is obtained with the least expense of any of the varieties of ore, although never found in as large bodies as that which lies further from the surface, the size of the sheet seldom, if ever, exceeding 50,000 pounds weight, and most generally of about one-tenth that size.

The second class of lead ore may be found in a soft clay immediately above the secondary rock, at a depth ranging from ten to forty feet beneath the surface. It may be proper, perhaps, to state to the reader that the formation of the earth in the mining region is composed of a more mixed combination of earth than almost any other part of the globe—lying in regular strata above the primary rock. In sinking a shaft, (which is generally of small dimensions as convenience will allow, being about three and a half to four feet in diameter,) the miner finds, for the first two or three feet, a soft light-brown clay, which, at the depth of three feet, generally becomes mixed with small pieces of white flint, and, as he descends, the flint gradually increases in size; the clay, at the same time, becomes of a darker red, or "ochreous" color. At the depth of five feet, he finds the flint changed into a deep blue color, and formed into regular sheets of about two and a half or three inches in thickness, generally about three sheets lying horizontally above each other, and separated by a stratum of reddish clay of about three inches in thickness. After sinking through these strata of flint, the clay becomes of a brighter red, and mixed with a kind of spurious iron ore, frequently in so great a proportion as to carry the appearance of a solid bed of rust or oxide of iron. This strata varies in thickness more than that of any other, being frequently eight feet thick, and at others entirely disappearing; below this strata lies a soft dark-brown clay, sometimes mixed in a variegated manner with small streaks of green, red, blue, white and yellow clay. The yellow strata of clay has the appearance of the protoxide of lead, and often is the only colored clay found in the strata as above mentioned, in which case it is frequently eighteen inches in thickness, and is more regular than the other colors. The clay at this depth is of a very moist nature, and is found immediately above the sand or secondary rock, and intermingled with it. About eighteen inches above the rock is found what is called by the miners "chink mineral," deriving its name from the form in which it is found, having the appearance of being thrown together without regularity, being found in chunks of no regular shape, varying in size from half an ounce weight to 1,000 pounds. This species of mineral is free from every substance but sulphur, which it contains in greater quantities than the "ash mineral," and consequently yields a less per centum of the metal, the average being about seventy-five per cent.; this ore, however, is found in large bodies, sometimes intermixed with clay, for the thickness of eight feet, and, from the softness of the clay, is taken from the earth with great facility. When the miner has sunk his shaft to the bottom of the mineral he "drifts" each way from it, by digging out the earth for the space of four or five feet in width by three in height, until he comes to the extremity of the body of mineral; he then runs cross-drifts, leaving a few pillars for the support of the clay above, until he obtains most of the ore; sometimes, however, too anxious that nothing shall be lost, he leaves an insufficient support, and is obliged to use wooden props or staves to keep the earth from caving in upon him. This ore is generally found lying at the head of a ravine; the surface of the ground immediately over it has a concave appearance, and, when the miner selects a place for sinking a shaft, he descends a short distance from the summit, where the clay is of greater depth, and where the secondary rock is of a softer nature, and not so regular in its formation. The strata of clay, in which the chink mineral is found as it runs into the hill, frequently forms a horizontal opening between the sand rock, in which the mineral assumes the form of a regular sheet, and lies at the top of the strata of clay, and partially adheres to the upper rock, which may be considered somewhat singular when it is known that the ore is about six times the specific gravity of the clay, and would naturally be looked for underneath this strata of clay. The sheet thus formed between the rock is not generally of more than one inch in thickness, and of limited extent, unless it meets with a perpendicular crevice or opening in the rock, in which case it often descends in this crevice until it reaches another horizontal fissure or crevice, in which it forms a horizontal sheet of ore.

**Third Class.**—This sheet or strata is generally found from forty to sixty feet in depth. It is hard and solid, varying from two inches to three feet in thickness, and from forty to sixty feet in length, varying also much in width. Miners are often led to the discovery of this species of ore in the pursuit of

the chink mineral; the general course, however, pursued is to sink a long shaft on the summit of the bluff to the sand rock, in order to find a perpendicular crevice or seam. When found, they are enabled to penetrate the rock with much more facility by the aid of the fissure. When they have sunk to the depth of forty feet the opening generally becomes horizontal, and of a width varying from two inches to four feet. In this opening there is generally found a solid sheet of ore adhering to the upper rock, and beneath it is found a soft clay, which, when removed, the miner, with great facility, breaks down the mineral from above, when he places it into a tub, and it is drawn up to the surface of the ground by a windlass. Sometimes the horizontal fissure is only of sufficient width to contain the mineral, and the sheet adheres to both the lower and upper rock, in which case it requires much more labor to remove it, as the rock has first to be removed from beneath, which requires a skillful blaster; but from this horizontal opening there is frequently another perpendicular one which leads down to a strata of lime-rock, above which last is always found another horizontal opening which contains a sheet of lead ore, which is generally thicker than any other depth. At this depth the miners are put to much inconvenience on account of water, and, in order to avoid the difficulty as much as possible, they sink a basin, in which to drain the water, and draw it from thence to the surface in barrels as necessity requires. (It may be worth of remark that this water, although mixed and running over several sulphures, is of the purest quality of spring water, and perfectly healthy; so much so, that the miners use it while at work.) The sheets of ore found in these horizontal fissures are more or less mixed with spurious metallic substances, which renders the ore of less value than the two first classes; its average yield is about seventy-two per cent.

A substance, called by the miners "Black Jack," is sometimes found in large quantities in these openings, and which so much resembles galena that inexperienced miners are often deceived by taking it for the pure ore. In appearance it is very similar to the protoxide of lead, and, when exposed to the air, it decomposes rapidly, leaving a substance similar in appearance to small pieces of slate, and, when exposed to a strong heat, it emits large quantities of sulphuric smoke; about nine-tenths of the substance entirely disappears. Small particles of pure sulphur of silver are found intermingled with this species of ore; pieces of two ounces weight have been discovered. At the outer edge of this sheet a substance, known among miners by the name of "dry-bone," is found, which has the appearance of melted quartz, being very hard and full of pores, and seems to have been formed by volcanic action. Many of the miners believe it to be the infusible state of lead ore, from the fact of its having small portions of ore imbedded in it; and, what is somewhat singular, the octagonal shape of the ore is much better preserved in these particles than in any other species of the ore. "Dry-bone," when exposed to a strong heat, loses nothing but a small portion of sulphur which is in combination with the particles of ore; no effort has yet succeeded in dissolving the substance.

Another substance found in this opening in great abundance is crystallized sulphur, which, in consequence of its being in contact with galena, and entering into combination with it so easily, has a greyish appearance, which renders the value of the ore deceptive to the eye. Sulphur, at this depth, is also found in combination with lead and arsenic together, so that it presents, when broken, a beautiful appearance, the small particles having the appearance of ornament, but its color is of a more greyish cast.

"Flint mineral" is a species of mineral of somewhat singular formation. It is sometimes found at the depth of three or four feet from the surface of the ground, intermingled with sand and clay, and in small particles about the size of a grain of sand. It has a bright and sparkling appearance when taken from the earth, and is separated from the clay and sand by being placed on a filter in a swift current of water; the sand and clay being washed away, while the mineral, from its specific gravity, sinks through the filter into a box beneath. This mineral undergoes the process of smelting with less heat than any other except the "ash mineral," yet it does not yield so much per centum of the metal; it, however, has never been found in large quantities, and is considered of but little value. "Flint mineral" is small detached pieces of "ash mineral," which, by the washing of the rains and repeated frosts, become exposed to view. It is found in the bottom of ravines and upon the side of the bluffs where it is clear of grass. It is seldom found except in small pieces of about an ounce in weight, and is considered of no importance further than it denotes the existence of a body of mineral in its vicinity.

## PROCESS OF SMELTING.

The first process observed after the discovery of the mines was smelting in log furnaces, which were constructed in the following manner: a stone wall of about two feet in thickness, eighteen feet in length, and ten feet in height, was erected at the lower side of a small hill, with an inclination of about thirty-five degrees, and from the extremities of this wall two wings were built on the upper side, thereby making a hollow space of a triangular form, at the bottom of which a small flue was left for the double purpose of giving a draught to the fire, and for the lead, when melted, to run into a vessel placed beneath, from which it was put into the moulds by a ladle. When the furnace was finished, logs were rolled into the space on the upper side, and the lead ore intermingled with fagots and charcoal until the space was filled up, when the logs were ignited and melted the ore, or destroyed the combination of the lead with the sulphur. When the heat was not sufficiently intense, quicklime was thrown on to increase it. But it was ascertained that the best could not be made of sufficient intensity by this process to obtain all the lead the mineral contained, consequently "cupola furnaces" were constructed in the following manner: a large oven was first built, to which was connected a "stack" or chimney of from forty to fifty feet in height, for the purpose of giving a strong draught to the fire, and thereby increasing the heat; the mineral was then placed in this oven intermingled with charcoal, fagots and quicklime, when the combustibles were ignited, and the oven, with the exception of small vent-holes, is closed up, and the lead, as it is separated from the sulphur, sinks to the bottom of the oven, and is drained off into a basin, from which it is dipped by ladles into moulds. But these furnaces, from the cost of construction, and from the constant need of repair, have given way to "blast furnaces," which are now generally used. These are constructed similar to a blacksmith's forge, having a large bellows which is worked by water-power, and the mineral, after being beaten up into small particles, is placed on the forge in small quantities mixed with charcoal, lime, and small pieces of pine or hick wood, where, by the means of the bellows, a strong heat is produced. The lead, when separated, runs off on an inclined apron into an iron vessel, from which it is dipped into moulds. These furnaces, when well managed, cause the ore to produce more lead than any others yet introduced, but an expense produced smaller may produce contrary effects when in several ways; for instance, if too much ore be put on at one time, or if the heat is not kept uniform, a portion of the lead will combine with the charcoal and lime, and form "slag," or should the heat be too great, the lead is rendered brittle and of an inferior quality.

The chemical change produced in the smelting of lead is, that the sulphur is driven off by means of the heat. The charcoal at the same time absorbs the oxygen which has, by exposure to the air, combined with the ore; the time also absorbs the sulphuric acid which is formed by the union of the sulphur of the mineral, the oxygen of the air and the water from the wood, which forms a sulphate of lime. The metal being thus freed from other substances by the heat, becomes fused, and from its specific gravity, sinks to the bottom and runs off.

## EXTERNAL INDICATIONS OF THE EXISTENCE OF MINERAL.

From observations by the miners, it has been discovered that there are several external objects, which denote the existence of lead ore. It has been remarked that *blue grass* alone grows in the vicinity of mineral. It has also been perceived that over a heavy body of mineral there is a way or concavity in the external appearance of the earth; likewise over perpendicular crevices a peculiar vegetation has been found to exist. An interesting and somewhat singular occurrence in mining is, that perpendicular crevices running north and south seldom, if ever, contain lead ore, while those running east and west are seldom found without more or less of them. These last two are sometimes found to run for miles in a straight line, crossing several ravines in their course; thus when a perpendicular crevice, running east and west, is found to contain mineral, on one bluff its course is taken, and shafts are sunk on the adjoining bluff.

**LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.**—Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature. Roscommon uttered, at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of *Dies irae*. Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he felt it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Petrarch was found dead in his library, leaning on a book. Bede died in the act of dictating. Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line. Walter died repeating some lines of Virgil. Tasso's dying request of Cardinal Cinthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life. He had one favor, he said,

to request of him, which was, that he would collect his works and commit them to the flames, especially his "Jerusalem delivered." Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber with a book in his hand. Clarendon's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life. Chaucer died ballad making. His last production he entitled "A Ballad, made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his deathbed, lying in great anguish." Weyherly, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside and having taken her hand, in a very solemn manner said he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. Keats, a little before he died, when his friend asked how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend, I feel the daisies growing over me."

## PROFESSOR WILSON.

Professor Wilson, in the opinion of many, the greatest living ornament of the Edinburgh University. As a metaphysician, perhaps, he cannot rank with his predecessor in the Moral Philosophy Chair, Dr. Brown, but to the general reader Wilson's is by far the best known name. Indeed, who is there with any pretensions to letters or taste, who has not been before the shrine of his genius—whose heart has not felt his deep thrilling pathos—who has not luxuriated in the never failing fount of fancy—in the brilliant imaginative powers, poured forth with the lavish prodigality of one who feels his stores inexhaustible? What Scotsman is there whose spirit has not been stirred within him, when, with words that ring like trumpet sounds, he discourses of his country—its rivers, its mountains, its heroes? In what corner of the world, where our tongues speak not of Magno be found—and who is there in whose mouth the redoubted "Christopher North" is not as a household word? For some time back he has been resting on his crutch; and said is the blank in the pages of *Edinburgh* when his pen is laid. Let us hope, however, that he is again to come forth like a giant, refreshed, and reassert his title to be the first writer in the first magazine in the world. In these latter days, then, when personal information about eminent men is so much in request, (albeit Mr. De Quincy has characterized the taste as "Missyell") and when sketches, portraits, random recollections, and so forth, are so ripe, for our readers may feel interested in a few settings from the notebook of an old student, descriptive of the author of the "Isle of Palms," and the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

The Professor is decidedly a man of thews and sinews, a stalwart build, of six feet and upward, and with a depth of chest and breadth of shoulders that would do credit to an athlete. In his younger days he was as great among the "fancy" as among the literati. He ran, leaped, and boxed, as well as wrote, and, like, we believe, prided himself as much on the one score as on the other; and though now advancing into the vale of years, and manifesting the usual symptoms of an "increasing belly and a decreasing leg," he has, if we may judge from the jaunty, springy step with which he paces the streets, at the rate of nearer five than four miles an hour, enough of the elasticity of youth still in him to make most people, who might be foolhardy enough to get into a row with him, find right speedily that they had caught a Tartar. The Professor does not cultivate the good graces, but he can well afford to be eccentric. His clothes (to use a common expression) have very much the appearance of having been thrown at him with a pitchfork; he frequently gives his razor a holiday, and the locks—few, alas, which time has left him—stream over his ample shoulders, glistening, apparently, of brush or comb. Wilson's face is decidedly intellectual, indicating at once that firmness and decision of character which he has always manifested; the features are strongly marked, and his eye gleams from beneath the "penhouse of the lid" with a fire that seems to look into your very soul.

There is no Professor more popular in the University, and many are the admiring glances he encounters as he crosses the quadrangle with his brace of terriers at his heels. His class is generally crowded, and there is frequently a fair sprinkling of strangers, who think that the lions of Edinburgh would be but half visited had they not heard and seen the "old man eloquent." About five minutes or so after the bell has rung, the Professor strides, with formidable steps, from his retiring room to his desk, his gown flying out straight behind him, like the tail of a comet, and bearing in his hand a bundle of papers "all tattered and torn," and of every possible size and shape, from which he pours, as he best can, decipher his lecture. About his lectures he does not, it is said, put himself to any great trouble; and we have frequently heard him deliver one evidently purely extempore. The course is rather an indefinite one; he makes no scruple of branching off from the main subject into one suggested by it; and, indeed, many attend his class fully as much for the purpose of listening to Professor Wilson, as of going through a strict course of moral philosophy. His reading is slow and hesitating—probably the hand-writing before him is not distinct. For close abstract reasoning, and dry metaphysical analysis, he seems, though possessing much logical acuteness, to have no great relish; it is evidently uphill work. He loves better to dwell upon the power and effects of the passions and affections, than soberly to consider the subject as a poet, rather source; he delights to consider the theme is one which gives scope to, and harmonizes with, his glowing and enthusiastic imagination—then it is that he things aside his papers, and in strains of the most thrilling eloquence, pours forth his thoughts, unstudied and unsought for, but welling freshly up from the fulness of his heart. During these bursts (and they are neither few nor far between) Wilson looks like one inspired. His eye, in a fine phreny rolling, actually gleams; his features, always commanding, appear doubly so when lighted up by the conscious fire of genius—he seems for the time perfectly carried away by the strength of his feelings—perfectly unconscious of every thing but the one absorbing topic. On such occasions his language is perfect poetry; and, indeed, thoughts frequently flow from him which produce an almost electrical effect upon his class. Who that heard him will forget his saying, soon after the death of his lady, (an event which affected him most deeply,) in apology for some delay in returning the prize exercises, "Gentlemen, I could not see to read them in the side of the shadow of death!" The thought may be quaint, but it is very beautiful and very touching.

It is a high treat to hear Wilson repeat poetry. True, his enunciation, owing to the loss of some front teeth, is rather indistinct; but it is not any mere effort of elocution that produces the effect his recital of poetry always has. It has been said that "is you wish your hearers to weep you must first weep yourself," and it is the deep, intense feeling, of the beauty or the sublimity of the passage he is repeating, so manifest in himself that communicates itself to others. Long after hearing him give a magnificent passage from Milton, have the deep musical tones of his voice continued to haunt us.

Wilson, however, can be gay as well as serious, and he is not infrequently seen his hearers in a roar by his quaint, dry touches of humor, delivered in a style of the most irresistible drollery. Sometimes he touches, but only touches, perhaps by a word or indirect allusion, upon some political topic of the day; but far oftener we had a good-humored joke, perhaps upon some essay before him, or upon any little incident which might have occurred in the class.

To his students, Professor Wilson is uniformly kind and courteous; encouraging them to apply to him, and always ready with his advice and assistance. Indeed, few, who have attended his lectures, can in after years look back without feelings of the deepest admiration for their illustrious instructor, treasuring up the pleasant remembrance of his kind and gentlemanly bearing toward themselves, the knowledge and enthusiasm he imparted, and those agitating outbreaks of eloquence, under the witchery of which

There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath.  
—For a time.

**COCKNEYS AT SEA.**—I remember two cockneys with whom a passage across the Atlantic in the packet ship *H—*. They had never been so far from London ever as Margate, until they embarked at Portsmouth on board our good ship. The largest body of water which they had ever seen was the *Tems*, as they termed the Thames. But their admiration of the ocean was as boundless as the ocean itself. It was so blue, so vast, so open, so free! And they sang Barry Cornwall's poem of morning till night, and from night to morning, with a fond iteration that would have done the heart of *Old Nick* good, if he could have heard them. They poured forth a continuous strain of "The sea, the sea, the open sea, the blue, the fresh, the ever free, the ever free," until all on board heartily wished the two cockneys and their *Magnus Apollo* at the bottom of their favorite element. They bored the officers of the ship by asking them every morning if there was any prospect of a blow; for, like Jack Robinson, they longed for a storm; they did not care if it were ever so tremendous; and they never left the deck to go below to their meals, without saying to the officer on duty, "If there should be a whale, or water-spout, or any thing of that sort, give us a call, will you, matey?" But it so happened that we had delightful weather until we got to the westward of the Grand Banks, when a storm arose that filled up the measure of these

sea-enamored gentlemen's expectations, and left them nothing to desire, but a bit of dry ground to plant the soles of their feet upon.

It was an autumnal gale, and its severity was timely foretold by the fall of the barometer. The ship was hove-to with every sail snugly furled, and we were all advised by the two captain to keep below, for fear of accidents. But the two cockneys laughed at the caution; and that they might lose no part of the sights that were to be seen, they lashed themselves with a piece of stout rope to the belaying-pins in the fore-rigging. And soon the wind began to pipe louder and louder, until it blew so fiercely that the captain, who had a voice like a nor-wester, could not make himself heard by the men who stood by his side; and a sailor who attempted to get into the mizen shrouds to secure some part of the rigging could not raise his body above the bulwarks. Our ship, although a good sea-board, and one that would lie like a duck, was what the captain called a "wet beast;" and the sea made a constant breach over her weatherbow, pouring a continued stream of brine upon the heads of our cockneys, who were unable to leave their perilous situation. All the sailors had been called aft upon the poop, where they could afford the wretches, with the assistance; so there they stood for nearly five hours, until the wind began to lull, after midnight, when they were rescued from their uncomfortable condition. We hardly expected to find them alive, but they were not quite dead; and by the help of warm blankets and hot brandy-and-water, they were restored to their usual good humor. The next morning they were on deck again in the first watch, singing away like a pair of Mother Carey's Chickens. "The sea, the sea, the open sea," Knocked for April.

## GEMS FROM EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

**FORMS.**—Why, being as we are surrounded by this all-creating nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, should we be such hard bodied, and magnify a few forms? Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of form? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its laws, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with greybeards and in churches. Genius studies the casual thought, and far back in the womb of things, sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge one they fall by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad through all his masks as he performs the metamorphosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, the constant type of the individual; through countless individual, the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud, which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Beautifully shines a spirit through the brightness and toughness of matter. Alone omnipotent, it converts all things to its own end. The adamant streams into softest and precise form before it, but, whilst I look at it, its outline and texture are changed altogether. Nothing is so fleeting as form. Yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races, yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in *Eschylus*, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt, she meets Jove, a beautiful woman, with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornaments of her brow.

**ARCHETYPES.**—The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us, and converting into things for us also the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. Let me add a few examples, such as fall within the scope of every man's observation, of trivial facts which go to illustrate great and conspicuous facts.

A lady, with whom I was riding in the forest, said to me, that the woods always seemed to her to wait, as if the geni who inhabit them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer has passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the faeries which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world. I remember that being abroad one summer day, my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches—a round block in the centre which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a clam of summer lightning which at once revealed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift along the sides of the stone wall which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to a tower.

**GREATNESS OF SIMPLICITY.**—The costly charm of the ancient tragedy and indeed of all the old literature is that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They made vows, tragedies, and statues such as healthy senses should—that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists, but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. Nobody can reflect upon an unconscious act with regret or contempt. Bard or hero cannot look down on the word or gesture of a child. It is as great as they. The attraction of these manners is, that they belong to man, and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; beside that always there are individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and receives our love of the muse of *Hellas*. A great boy, a great girl, with good sense, is a Greek. Beautiful is the love of Nature in the Philoctetes. But in reading those fine apophthegms to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains, waves, I feel time passing away as an oblong sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same followings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. Then the quaint distinction between Greek and English, between Classic and Romantic seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me—a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do, as it were, run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

**SELF-RELIANCE.**—Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that deep string. Accept the place the divine Providence has found for you; the societies of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, berrying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must expect in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not perched in a corner, not towards feeling before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What poetry oracles nature yields us on this text in the fact and behavior of children, babes and even brutes. That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces, we are disconnected. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conforms to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Mark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic? Good Heaven! it is he! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Basilical or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors unnecessary.

**THE USES OF ADVERSITY.**—The compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wasted occupation, or a

household, or style of living, and allows the formation of a new one more friendly to the growth of character. It permits the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots but too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the wall and the neglect of the gardener, is made the banner of the firm, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

**THE WORTH OF BOOKS.**—The effect of any writing on the public mind is mathematically measurable by its depth of thought. How much water does it draw? If it awakens to think; if it lifts you from your feet with the great wave of eloquence; then the effort is to be wide, slow, permanent, over the minds of men; if the pages instruct you not, they will die like flies in the hour. The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is, to speak and write sincerely. The argument which has not power to reach your practice, I may well doubt, will fail to reach yours. But the writer's maxim: "Look in thy heart, and write." He writes to himself, writes to an eternal public. That statement only is fit to be made public which you have come to know, tempting to satisfy your own curiosity. The writer who takes his subject from his ear and not from his heart, should know that he has lost as much as he has gained, and he gains, when the empty book has gathered all its praise, and he, the people say—what poetry! what genius! it still owes fuel to make fire. That only profits which is profitable. It alone can impart life; and though we should burst, we are only be valued as we make ourselves valuable. There is a lack in literary reputation. They who make up the final, die upon every book, are not the partial and noisier readers of the hour when it appears; but a court as of angels, a prize not to be bribed, not to be entreated, and not to be overvalued, decides upon every man's title to fame. Only those books come down which deserve to last. All the gilt edges and vellum and morocco, all the presentation-copies to all the libraries will not preserve a book in circulation beyond its intrinsic date. It must go with all Walpole's Noble and Royal Authors to its fate. Blackmore, Kotzebue, or Polak may endure for a night, but Moses and Homer stand for ever. There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato; never enough to pay for an edition of his works; yet to every generation these come duly down, for the sake of these few persons, as if God brought them in his hand. "No book," said Bentley, "was ever written down by any but itself." The permanence of a book is fixed by no other friendly or hostile, but by their own specific gravity, or the intrinsic importance of their content to the constant mind of man. "Do not trouble yourself much about the light on your statue," said Michael Angelo, the young sculptor; "the light of the public square will set its value."

**GOV. WENTWORTH AND HIS LADY.**—Some thirty miles north of Dover, N. H. between Walsfield and Watkinson, the road to the White Mountains passes by the old farm of Gov. Wentworth, the last of the Colonial Governors of New Hampshire. It was here, in the midst of what was then an almost unbroken forest, on the banks of a lovely lake whose sides ascend gradually to the base of the high mountains around, that a gay and polished courtier of the England of his day resided. Clearing enough around the lake to open its beauties, he erected a magnificent dwelling, one of the loveliest spots in New-England. Roads were made, fences were built, trees were transplanted, flowers and foreign shrubs were introduced; and the solitary place became indeed a garden. It was here that of old the haunch smoked and the flagon foamed. It was here, in the inclement season, that the wayfarer took his place at the festive board, a welcome though uninvited guest. Here, while the storm howled without, the fagot blazed on the capacious hearth, and selected back the light of smiling faces, while the best and the song went round, and the old roof rang to the roof-tree. The old man was a rigid observer of the customs of the Church; and the inhabitants of the town will tell you the traditional tales of Christmas holidays at the hall. For the twelve merry days, the roast beef and the turkey smoked on its board, and no cold refusal was given, even to the beggar at the door, who might ask for alms. These were Christmas days of the olden times, wearing their livery of godly green, and lacking not the holly garland, with its glowing berries; when the old-time cheered the face, and hospitality brightened the heart, of the toiling poor.

The first alarm of the revolt of the Colonists came in the midst of the Governor's improvements; and the outbreak in Massachusetts decided him to flee to a safer refuge. He left his paradise, never to return to it; and at the close of the war it was confiscated and sold. Though the house is now burned to the ground, yet many of the improvements in the fields and gardens still remain; and as we wandered round the delightful lake, we fancied we could almost hear the loud sounds of mirth resounding from the high-roofed ladies and gentlemen of England, who resorted here in the days of its grandeur.

The aged people in the neighborhood still relate many stories of the worthy old Governor. He had, it seems, married a very pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gaiety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or in dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her gray-haired husband. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The Governor, who was a quiet, sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could endure it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before twelve o'clock, she should not be admitted to the house.

The lady laughed at her spouse's pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases; and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past two in the morning. The Governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the peevish knockers rang for admittance; but he did not stir. The lady then bade her servant try the windows; but this the Governor had foreseen; they were all secured. Determined not to be out-generated, she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man. This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. "Let me into the house, Sir!" sharply replied the wife. The Governor was immovable, and very ungallantly declared that she should remain out all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened; but it was all in vain. At length, becoming frantic, she declared that unless she were admitted at once, she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that she was the cause of her death. The Governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure; and shutting the window retired again to bed.

The Governor's next instruction her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and to throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good Governor, notwithstanding all his decision and his nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water-side—the expostulation of the servants—the plunge,